Not Just A Side Job by big_heart_energy

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Summary:

They've still got nothing on the MOL, but some missing kids might help them get their heads straight.

1. The Family Business

Author's Note:

> This is sorta a preview for a potential fic. The point is to see if anyone would be interested if I continue, so leave a comment for feedback or suggestions!
>
> ALSO- major Supernatural season 11 and 12 spoilers
>
> UPDATE:: New notes at the bottom of the chapter.

"So, get this..."

Dean looked up from the lore book he was reading, and Mary stirred in the chair she had fallen asleep in a couple hours ago. Both expected something on the British Men of Letters- they hadn't found anything useful on them in three days, and it was making everyone tense. Not to mention Cas, who had been gone for a week. He had volunteered to help find whatever he could on the British MOL after they got Sam back, but no one had heard from him since, which is why Sam felt guilty when he saw a spark of hope in his brother's eyes.

"There's, uh- two missing kids in Indiana-" Sam began, stone faced and not looking up from the screen of his laptop. Dean's expression immediately hardened.

"How the hell is that gonna help, Sam?! With the crazy Brits doing who knows what and now Cas is MIA, what's the point of a case?" Dean raised his voice and slammed the book closed. Mary was now fully awake and clearly concerned, mouth slightly open. She looked like she wanted to say something but wasn't sure what.

"I don't know, but we can't do nothing! We've gotten nowhere with the MOL, and we've checked every book we have! What if there is nothing to find? They seem pretty good at covering their tracks- what do you want me to do?" Sam shot back, exasperated.

"Then we look harder, Sam! We must've missed something. And Cas- he's got to be somewhere. We can't just go off on side missions and ignore family that could be in danger. Besides, really? Two missing? It doesn't even sound like a case in the first place." Dean spouted off, now standing and gesturing with his hands by holding them out open-palmed at his sides and slapping them back against his thighs. Mary shifted uncomfortably. Was this how they always were?

"It's not just two missing kids," Sam said, glaring at Dean from behind the screen. Returning his focus to the article, he continued, "There have also been sightings of a 'faceless man', and this is all in the same town. But the biggest part is that when I checked Cas' GPS on his cell, his last identifiable location wasn't too far from there." Dean's expression changed again, molding into a look of surprise with some leftover anger and resentment. His jaw clenched slightly. As he was about to respond, Mary cleared her throat.

"So, when are we leaving?"

Mike was pacing in the basement, hands folded behind his back. Dustin and Lucas exchanged similar glances. Eleven sat on the couch, nervously watching Mike and not moving.

”You’re sure he wasn’t one of the ‘bad men’? You didn’t recognize him at all?”

Eleven nodded solemnly. The atmosphere grew tense as the room fell silent, no one moving. The tension wasn’t released until Mrs. Wheeler called down, making everyone jump.

”Everyone get washed up for lunch!”, she said, probably standing in the doorway at the top of the basement stairs by the sound of her voice.

”I’ll bring you something back,” Mike whispered to Eleven as she crawled back into her nook under the blankets. The boys ran upstairs to wash their hands, leaving Eleven alone.

Dean was growing more anxious as he drove. Cas still wasn't answering his calls or prayers. Sam was riding shotgun, finally beginning to fall asleep. Mary was still awake, letting herself drown in the impala and studying Dean when he wasn't looking. Dean's eyes were full of grief, she noticed. She frowned. What had he gone through in the past thirty years? He looked exhausted, eyes sunken and green irises duller than they had once been. His hands were rough and scarred, but still skilled. She saw that he had picked up on the jaw-clenching John used to do. Her attention turned to the smell of the impala. It had changed a lot. It used to smell like John- his cologne, his clothes… now it was different. Dean had taken care of her, but she now smelled of burnt salt, dirty leather, and sex. Not that the last one was new, thanks to Mary and John. Mary was pulled out of her thoughts when Dean spoke.

"So, uh, mom- I don't think it'd be a bad idea if you stayed behind when we get there-"

"That's not gonna happen, Dean."

"All I'm saying is, if Cas is in trouble and he's a friggin' Angel… "

"Then you can use all the help you can get. I'm not letting my boys go in alone."

Seeing there was nothing he could do, Dean sighed. Stubbornness apparently ran in the family. But it's a bit different when-

"SHIT!" Dean yelled, sliding the impala sideways. Everyone was forced to lean, fear taking over. When the dust cleared Sam had been jolted from his almost-sleep, and Mary stared at the road, now out of the side window, in confusion and horror. Sam and Mary both realized Dean was missing, but spotted him on the road after a brief moment of terror. The terror returned again when they saw he wasn't alone.

2. Mundi Comedenti

Summary for the Chapter:

> Cas, after almost totaling Baby, tries to warn Dean about Hawkins.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Sooooo I changed this chapter- sorry- but let me explain. I wrote about half of this chapter the first time, but I thought it didn't save, so I rewrote it and posted it. Turns out the first time it did save, and it was written way better than what I posted. So I took the first draft, edited it a bit, and voila. Again, so sorry for the inconvenience. Thank you for the kudos and comments!
>
> -KQQ

"What the hell, Cas?"

"Dean, you need to go home."

"Fuck that! You've been missing for a week, you haven't responded to any of my prayers or calls, Sam finally tracks you down, you almost wrecked Baby-"

"Dean!" Cas cut him off, and Dean glared at him, pursing his lips. "It isn't safe here." He stated, this time softer in an attempt to calm him, though still firm.

"Like that's new." Dean rolled his eyes, "Cas, what's going on?" They held each others stares in silence long enough that Dean didn't think Cas intended on answering, until he looked down and sighed as he shook his head. Chin still tilted down, looking up at Dean from under half of his eyelids, he responded languidly.

"A Temporal Rift is located a few miles from here. Had you kept driving, you as well as Sam and Mary would've passed through it in an instant." He hesitated, shifting uncomfortably. "You may not have

survived."

Dean took a moment to process this, for once. Where usually he'd be quick to reply with sarcasm, he balked- he could sense legitimate worry in the Angel's voice. As he was returning from his thoughts, Dean saw that Cas looked worried too. He wasn't exactly sure what a "Temporal Rift" was, but based on Cas' reaction, he probably didn't want to.

Dean turned to the side, looking down and clenching his jaw before staring back at Cas. "So, what, we just turn around and call it a day? Ignore the missing kids?"

"They went missing in 1983," Cas sighed, as if Dean should've known.

Dean's jaw practically dropped. His head tilted and his eyebrows grew closer as he tried to process the new information. "Temporal rift...?" he muttered. Castiel nodded.

"It's a flaw in the space-time continuum, to put it simply. A place from which an alternate timeline or universe is accessible when a vessel comes into contact with it. They're extremely unstable places." Castiel stated matter-of-factly.

"Sounds safe." Dean huffed, each syllable laced heavily with sarcasm. "So, how do we get through without dying, exactly?"

"You don't, Dean. You all need to go back- this is out of your control." Castiel said, so stiffly it sounded more like a command than a suggestion.

Dean peered at Cas skeptically. "What's going on, Cas?"

"Nothing of your concern. I can take care of this, Dean. There's no chance that any of you could survive it."

Dean's expression only became angrier. "Bullshit. Cas, c'mon man." he pleaded.

Cas' shoulders fell and he exhaled sharply, hanging his head in defeat. "Mundi Comedenti," he muttered bitterly. Dean's face scrunched up in confusion as he tried to translate.

"What? That's Latin for eat, right?" Dean paused, looking up and silently moving his lips, trying to remember the extra Latin he had picked up over the years. Cas just watched him, not saying a word. "An- and Earth? Something like that?" Where Cas would usually be entertained by this, it wasn't a great time to laugh at Dean.

"World Eater," Cas said solemnly, eyes wandering to the pavement behind Dean, refusing to meet his eyes. "It- it's what humans used to call them. They haven't been back in millennia." He took in a ragged breath and finally met Dean's eyes with his own. "They 'eat' holes through alternate universes- Temporal rifts- and feed on human energy to reproduce. They're incredibly dangerous- God, erm, Chuck put them in purgatory but it seems one escaped."

"Well, fuck," Dean breathed, just before the sound of the Impala's car doors could be heard slamming shut. Cas returned his attention to some loose gravel on the road, listening to the soft crunching sound of Mary and Sam closing the distance between them. Dean turned to face them as they drew near in the dark, backlit by the Impala's headlights. It was hard to see their expressions due to the brightness of the lights, but Dean could tell they were approaching cautiously, as if walking on thin ice.

"What's going on?" Sam's voice was quieter than normal, but scratchy from his fatigue. No one answered- Dean seemed to be also suddenly very interested in the ground. Sam and Mary exchanged worried glances.

Author's Note:

> Sorry it took a little longer than expected! Hopefully you all enjoyed how I continued the story. Should I end the chapter here? Anyone have something they'd like to see in this fic? Comment below! All criticism and suggestions are welcome.
>
> -KQQ